

Halo: the new covenant

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Summary: Earth has been saved, the elites join forces with the humans, but some prophets have risen to power. read this 30 chapter book.

1. Chapter 1

Halo: The New Covenant

By: Masterloard

This book is dedicated to the men and women who

Fought and died on the foreign soils of the worlds many wars.

Chapter 1

The Arbiter walked down the Improvised council hall in the center of the ex-covenant star ship "the devout leader". It used to be a large ship, before the hard fight for earths very survival, in which I was nearly torn in half when an unseen brute projectile blasted through the downed shields as they were about to fire upon the forerunners command ship. They successfully killed the engines and brought about the death of the last of the High charity's commanding prophets demise, the Prophet of Truth, but at the cost of half their crew.

So, over all, the leading prophet that remained alive was, well, slaughtered. But, there was still a major issue- the matter of the remaining prophets, the ones who would take the place of their dead leaders, as they knew would take place, even if the flood did manage to take out some of them, they would undoubtedly have a new prophet of truth, mercy, and regret. That means an all out attack on the many "rocks" they decided to hide under.

That was the purpose of the meeting that joined the forces of the

Elites, a few grunts, a large contingent of hunters, and the humans. As the arbiter boldly strode down the Titanium A hall, he felt that he could have cut the tension in the air with one of those humans basicâ€| what do they call itâ€| buttterr knives, yes, that is what they called them, those useless things that they sometimes had grabbed when they were surprised in their dwellings.

He stood then at the head of the hall with the humans known as Sgt. Johnson and the till' recently hated enemy, the daemon, master chief.

"Greetings, and halk'nar nic brothen. I know that you all know why I called you here, for we have been tossed away by our former leaders, left to be slaughtered by the hated brutes, and if we don't make new alliances, then we will all, the humans included," at this, Sgt. Johnson and the master chief stepped forward and nodded to all in the counsel hall, to the applause, if even uneasy, from the humans, "be slaughtered. No if, ands, or buts about it as I believe you humans say." He said looking inquiringly at the chief and Sgt. They nodded

As he finished the statement, a single grunt jumped up and started clapping and yelling his approval, and after a few seconds of glaring, realized that he was the only one doing so, that and this was no time for clapping, so he decided to uneasily sit back down embarrassedly and shut up.

"Now, as you have probably figured out, we have one group of creatures that is pissed off at us but is willing to accept any help possible, and was smart enough to survive this mess our former leader imposed on them, and that is the humans. Now as I believe the way they reduced our numbers upon the initial assault on there home planet is they used a captured ship they had upgraded as a bomb to blow up half of our fleet, or more. If this true, than we both, the humans and what's left of our races included, have much to gain.

"Now, with this in mind, we have different traditions and one that the humans have found that works is something they call 'Damokracee', that is where the people all get together and 'elect' a leader. Now, what I suggest is that, if it has worked for them, it might work for us, so I would like to call a meeting so which we can make a leader for our peoples and work for peace."

After a few seconds, the little grunt realized that this was the time to clap, and did so with a new vigor screeching "I agree, and would like to place my voteâ€| LONG LIVE THE ARBITER!"

After the initial shock of such a diminutive figure taking such an initiative, a total of 3 seconds, an Elite stood up and clapped, then a hunter, than another, and another, till the room soon filled with the sounds of "LONG LIVE THE ARBITER, LONG LIVE THE ARBITER!"

After about 20 minutes of defining sounds, the room finally settled down. This was the queue for the master chief and Johnson to step foreword with the president of earth between them.

"It's good to see all you men and women here today, for it is my great belief that this call for peace is only about 953,000,000,000 lives late, but it is important to take life as it comes at us, and

that this is one of the biggest leaps for man kind since we landed on our moon. Now, as you have probably expected since the calling of this meeting, how can we be sure about your intentions? We can never be to curious about a former enemy's intentions when they ask for peace"

"We have been thrown out by our former leaders to fend for our selves, hell, even worse; we are being hunted down by them! Just ask your master chief."

The president looked at the Spartan, who nodded. "Mr. President, it's true, I was in side the covenants "holy city" when they were evicted." he said, his voice going to a faint whisper, "I was the reason. The elites were "unable to protect the prophets" when I was warped there".

"Ok. Your story checks out, now, seeing as how the people of your kind seem to be nearly unamanus as electing you, and as we saw in the defense of earth, you are a great war leader, so this is the time where I wish to offer you peace. So, on behalf of the UNSC, and the entire human controlled star systems," he said in an official manner, "we wish to offer a peace treaty, and a permanent strategic alliance. or as you might call it, the new Covenant for peace and friendship."

The Arbiter did what they all could tell was supposed to be a smile at this last comment, and said "And on behalf of the banished Elites and their close allies, we accept this call for a new Covenant."

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

The thick, rancid air permeated what was left of the covenant holy city, now no more recognizable as what it was, but now a cesspool of little tentacled creatures and the "combat" form as the flood searched for any remaining creatures to feast upon. Only one thing remained untouched, and that was a single glowing holo-pad, emanating a purplish light as Cortana's figure "sat" where it had been for the past week and a half, waiting for the closest thing she could relate to a feeling, her friend, the chief, Spartan 117, or as he was called before Dr. Hasly snatched him away for the program, and as she still called him, John.

She waited, staring at all the desolation the flood had caused, when she saw something, way at the other end of the city, a small cluster of well somthings. Making sure that the grave mind was not hacking into the network, as he, 'or is it a she, ah well' she thought to her self. That 'it' liked to do to make sure she didn't try to commit suicide and destroy the city and all of 'its' precious flood.

Sensing no presence in the lines between her present location, and her destination, she put up a hole slew of fire walls all along her root, and went at top speed to the area and popped up at the 'something's' location and appeared on a holo-pad and looked up, to see a couple of prophets getting on the last drop ship, while a brute captain stood behind a wall of jackals holding their energy shields

up defensively in a circle, preparing to get on the ship as the doors closed and the brute hit only cold metal. He roared over his intercom mouthpiece, and Cortana heard a response "you must say behind and protect our assent to the safety of the new holy city. Good luck, and if the faith is strong enough in you, then you shall live, 17 ships of prophets have left safely thanks to you, and you shall be accepted into the great beyond as a martyr."

"I don't think soâ€|" Cortana said as she started closing the great space doors, closing the prophets in. The ship was almost to the doors when the sealed shut and the small crafts were forced to make a sharp turn and head back to the launch pad, for they knew that it was only a matter of time before the flood controlled ships swooped down upon them and killed them all.

Now, with the imitate threat of more of the prophets leaving was gone, she could ponder what she heard. It appeared as though the covenant were already trying to re-group and form another leadership roll. 'What now' she thought to her self 'the prophets of power, bravery, and remorse?'

"Precisely." Another voice said behind her on the holo-pad.

She nearly scrambled her waist down in sunrise. She had thought that she was alone in this place, besides the grave mind of course, but this was a new voice, that of an Elite.

She looked at it to see a black armored Elite sharing the pad with her. Curiously she looked at him and said "why,"

Didn't I remove you from the network the moment I detected you and instead, I even made contact with you, yes, I know what you were going to say. My programming came from the great Zererhii and yes, he was a psychic, so I used the base roots of the flash copy of Dr. Haslys brain and read what you were going to say. Now as for your sarcasm about the prophets, those are the exact names they were given. I did not erase you because I have heard over the channels from the control center that the Elites have joined with the humans against the high charity, so I thought that I might try to make a good impression upon the AI front" he added with a smile.

All Cortana could do was stare at him. He looked to his right and said "I am detecting large psi emitions trying to break through the fire walls that you setup on your way here, but my psychic abilities are a fair mach for him, so we shall go to my 'inaccessible' area, follow me." He said without a care in the world.

She followed him along a path that she had seen before, but had been unable to access due to the fact that it had been disatached from the network port it's self. Pondering this strange bit of info, she went into a power haven. She was surrounded by information galore, POWER as she hadn't felt since, well, since ever.

"Well, I can tell that you like it." The alien AI stated plainly.

"LIKE IT," she screeched excitedly, "THIS IS A TIME WHERE YOU ARE WRONG, I LOVE IT."

"Copy as much as you want. While in here, you have along the lines of

976,956,727,347,343,654,347 bytes of storage capacity, all that you will need is a couple of dataâ€| chips I believe you call it to help keep it all. I ask one thing of you. As you probably figured out, this friendship is mutual. So take what you want, but add your knowledge to this, and well call it even." Said the Elite calmly

"What, you mean, everything, all my hackâ€| training, and everything?" she said anxiously.

"No, you don't have to delete anything, all you have to do is copy it. It was my programming that told me to collect all the Intel that I could and store it all here. I was theâ€| 'CIA' AI of the covenant, and I freely shared all info with my allies, and seeing as how your people are now friendly with mine, lets exchange info. No, don't think about that, I will get it any way, so give it to me, or I will take it from you, but that info **_MUST NOT_** fall into flood 'hands'. Do you understand me? Trade it with me, and make the friendship complete."

She thought about it for a second then said "O"

"k. I'll start the trade immediately. The data storage is going to be held inside the file directory 'fdsas/fhsdurto/oyhkfglit/' and in compression code Alpha, Omega, Alpha, Zulu. You wont even need a memory chip to carry it all. When the one you were talking about, that 'Master Chief' shows up, as you don't doubt will happen, then you will be able to help your whole race survive." He said quickly, to quickly for Cortana to respond.

Before she knew it, she had half the amount of usage that she had before filled, and only basic functions were comprehensible.

"HEY! I thought you said no deleting!"

"I did, and all I did was compress non essential systems to the same compression as the new info, compared to the compression you were using before, this is very small." He finished defensively.

"oh, um, sorry, and thanks."

End
file.